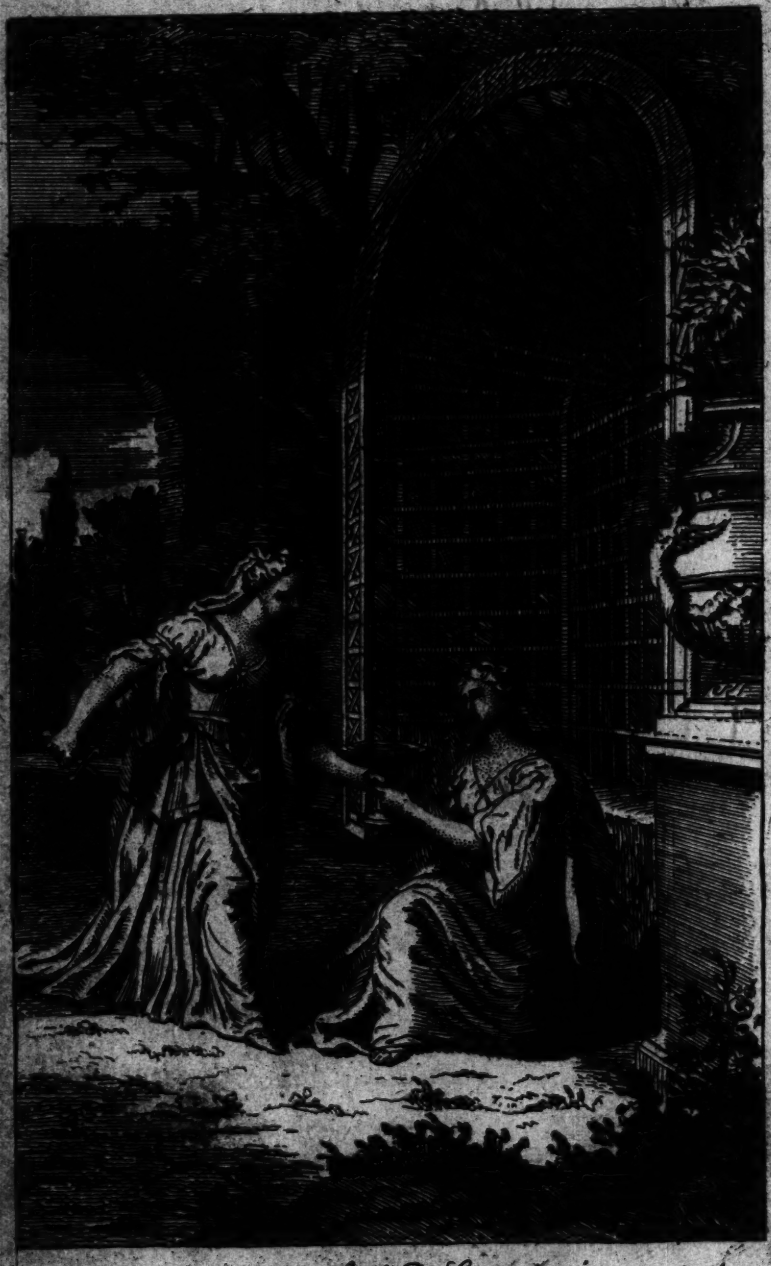
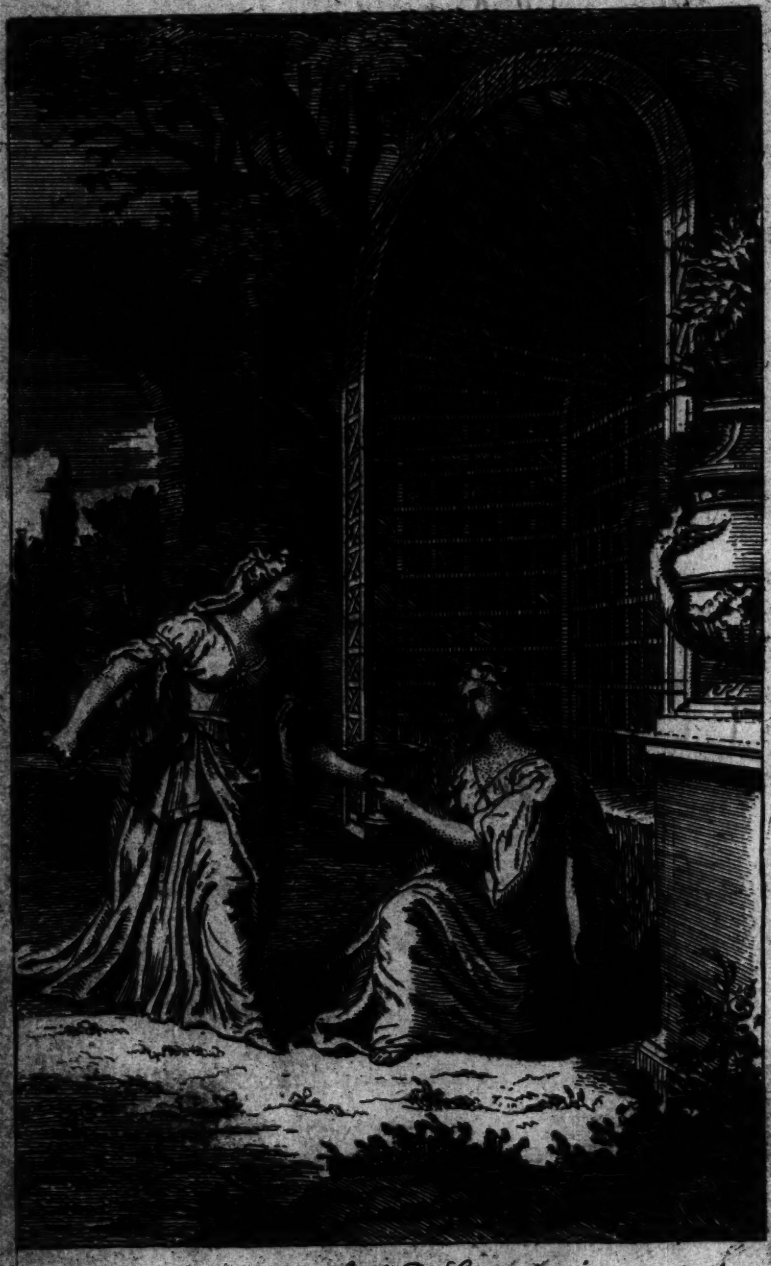


*Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*



*Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*

k'd with following 1

# ROSAMOND.

## AN

# OPERA.

Inſcribed to Her Grace the

## Dutcheſs of *Marlborough.*

*Hîc quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit*
*Secreti celant Calles, & Myrtea circum*
*Sylva tegit.* Virg. Æn. 6.

The THIRD EDITION.

*LONDON:*
Printed for J. TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's Head*, over-againſt *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand.* MDCCXIII.

# ROSAMOND.

A N

# OPERA.



THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON, at Shakespear's Head, over against Catherine-street in the Strand. MDCCXIII.

# A COPY of VERSES in the Sixth Miſcellany,

## TO THE

# AUTHOR

## OF

# *ROSAMOND.*

——————*Ne forte pudori*
*Sit Tibi Muſa* Lyræ *ſolers*, & Cantor *Apollo.*

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE Opera *firſt* Italian *Maſters taught*;
*Enrich'd with Songs, but Innocent of Thought.*
Britannia's *learned Theatre diſdains*
*Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;*
*And bluſhes on her injur'd Stage to ſee*
*Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet Stupidity.*

*No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,*
*Soft as* Corelli, *but, as* Virgil, *strong.*
*From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive,*
*And Musick borrows Helps, she us'd to give.*
*Thy Stile hath match'd what Ancient* Romans *knew,*
*Thy flowing Numbers far excell the New.*
*Their Cadence in such easie Sound convey'd,*
*That Height of Thought may seem superfluous Aid;*
*Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,*
*That needless seem the Sweets of easie Sound.*

*Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,*
*Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy builds!*
*What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,*
*The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens,*
*The babling Sounds that Mimick* Echo *plays,*
*The Fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze,*
*Nature and Art in all their Charms cembin'd,*
*And all* Elysium *to one View confin'd!*
*No further could Imagination roam,*
*Till* Vanbrook *fram'd, and* Marlbro' *rais'd the Dome.*

*Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,*
*When drown'd in Tears I see th' Imploring Fair;*
*When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,*
*A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;*
*But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,*
*In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)*

*Each*

*Each Verſe ſo ſwells, expreſſive of her Woes,*
*And ev'ry Tear in Lines ſo mournful flows;*
*We, ſpite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,*
*O'erlook her Crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.*

*Let Joy tranſport fair* Roſamonda's *Shade,*
*And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.*
*While now perhaps with* Dido's *Ghoſt ſhe roves,*
*And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,*
*Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their Fate,*
*Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.*
*Nor longer that relentleſs Doom bemoan,*
*Which gain'd a* Virgil, *and an* Addiſon.

*Accept, Great Monarch of the* Britiſh *Lays,*
*The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.*
*So tries the artleſs Lark her early flight,*
*And ſoars, to hail the God of Verſe, and Light,*
*Unrival'd as unmatch'd be ſtill thy Fame,*
*And thy own Laurels ſhade thy envy'd Name:*
*Thy Name, the Boaſt of all the tuneful Quire,*
*Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre;*
*While with thy Sentiments each Soul complies,*
*Feels correſponding Joys or Sorrows riſe,*
*And views thy* Roſamond *with* Henry's *Eyes.*

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

King *Henry.*
Sir *Truſty*, Keeper of the Bower.
Page.
Meſſenger.

## WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor.*
*Roſamond.*
*Grideline*, Wife to Sir *Truſty.*

*Guardian Angels*, &c.

SCENE *Woodſtock Park.*

# ROSAMOND.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Prospect of* Woodstock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

*Enter* Queen *and* Page.

QUEEN.

WHAT Place is here!
What Scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
All around
Enchanted Ground
And soft *Elysiums* rise:
Flow'ry Mountains,
Mossie Fountains,

Shady Woods,
Chryſtal Floods
With wild Variety ſurprize.
* *As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,*
*A hundred Echo's round us talk:*
*From Hill to Hill the Voice is toſt,*
*Rocks rebounding,*
*Caves reſounding,*
*Not a ſingle Word is loſt.*

*Page.* There gentle *Roſamond* immured
Lives from the World and you ſecured.

*Queen.* Curſe on the Name! I faint, I die,
With ſecret Pangs of Jealouſie.—— [*Aſide.*

*Page.* There does the penſive Beauty mourn,
And languiſh for her Lord's Return.

*Queen.* Death and Confuſion! I'm too ſlow —— [*Aſide.*
Show me the happy Manſion, ſhow ——

*Page.* Great *Henry* there ——

*Queen.* Trifler, no more! ——

*Page.* —— Great *Henry* there
Will ſoon forget the Toils of War.

*Queen.*

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in* Woodſtock-Park.

*Queen.* No more! the happy Manſion ſhow
That holds this lovely, guilty Foe.
My Wrath, like that of Heav'n, ſhall riſe,
And blaſt her in her Paradiſe.

Page. *Behold on yonder riſing Ground*
*The Bow'r that wanders,*
*In Meanders,*
*Ever bending,*
*Never ending,*
*Glades on Glades,*
*Shades in Shades,*
*Running an Eternal Round.*

*Queen.* In ſuch an endleſs Maze I rove,
Loſt in Labyrinths of Love.
My Breaſt with hoarded Vengeance burns,
While Fear and Rage
With Hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring Soul by turns.

*Page.* The Path yon verdant Field divides,
Which to the ſoft Confinement guides.

*Queen. Eleonora,* think betimes,
What are thy hated Rival's Crimes!

Whi-

Whither, ah whither doſt thou go!
What has ſhe done to move thee ſo!
---Does ſhe not warm with guilty Fires
The faithleſs Lord of my Deſires?
Have not her fatal Arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my Arms?
'Tis her Crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her Crime to have Charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She ſhall die, ſhe ſhall die.
*I feel, I feel my Heart relent,*
*How could the Fair be innocent!*
*To a Monarch like mine,*
*Who would not reſign!*
*One ſo great and ſo brave*
*All Hearts muſt enſlave.*
*Page.* Hark, hark! what Sound invades [my Ear?
The Conqueror's Approach I hear.
*He comes, Victorious* Henry *comes!*
*Hautboys, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,*
*In dreadful Conſort join'd,*
*Send from afar*
*A Sound of War,*
*And fill with Horror ev'ry Wind.*

*Queen.*

*Queen.* *Henry* returns, from Danger free!
*Henry* returns!——But not to me.
He comes his *Roſamond* to greet,
And lay his Laurels at her Feet,
His Vows impatient to renew;
His Vows to *Eleonora* due.
Here ſhall the happy Nymph detain,
(While of his Abſence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton Bow'r,
My Lord, my Life, my Conquerour.
*No, no, 'tis decreed*
*The Traitreſs ſhall bleed;*
*No Fear ſhall alarm,*
*No Pity diſarm;*
*In my Rage ſhall be ſeen*
*The Revenge of a Queen.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*The Entry of the Bower.*

Sir *Trasty*, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*

*How unhappy is he,*
*That is ty'd to a she,*
*And fam'd for his Wit and his Beauty!*
*For of us pretty Fellows*
*Our Wives are so Jealous,*
*They ne'er have enough of our Duty.*

But hah! my Limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive Strife?
I smell a Shrew!
My Fears are true,
I see my Wife.

*Enter* Grideline, *Wife to Sir* Trusty.

*Grid.* Faithless Varlet, art thou there?

Sir *Tr.* My Love, my Dove, my Charming Fair!

*Grid.*

*Grid.* Monſter, thy wheedling Tricks I know.

Sir *Tr.* Why wilt thou call thy Turtle ſo?

*Grid.* Cheat not me with falſe Careſſes.

Sir *Tr.* Let me ſtop thy Mouth with Kiſſes.

*Grid.* Thoſe to Fair *Roſamond* are due.

Sir *Tr.* She is not half ſo Fair as you.

*Grid.* She views thee with a Lover's Eye.

Sir *Tr.* I'll ſtill be thine, and let her die.

*Grid.* No, no, 'tis plain. Thy Frauds I ſee, Traitor to thy King and me!

Sir *Tr.* O Grideline! *conſult thy Glaſs,*
*Behold that ſweet bewitching Face,*
*Thoſe blooming Cheeks, that lovely Hue!*
*Ev'ry Feature*
*(Charming Creature)*
*Will convince you I am true.*

Grid. *O how bleſt were* Grideline,
*Could I call Sir* Truſty *mine!*
*Did he not cover amorous Wiles*
*With ſoft, but ah! deceiving Smiles:*
*How ſhould I Revel in Delight,*
*The Spouſe of ſuch a Peerleſs Knight!*

Sir *Tr.*

Sir *Tr.* At length the Storm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to Peace.
'Tis now my Turn to Tyrannize! [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my Fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone.

*Grid.* ——— I love thee ſo
I cannot go.

Sir *Tr.* Fly from my Paſſion, Beldame, fly!

*Grid.* Why ſo unkind, Sir *Truſty*, why?

Sir *Tr.* Thou'rt the Plague of my Life.

*Grid.* I'm a fooliſh, fond Wife.

Sir *Tr.* Let us part,
Let us part.

*Grid.* Will you break my poor Heart?
Will you break my poor Heart?

Sir *Tr.* I will if I can.

*Grid.* O barbarous Man!
From whence doth all this Paſſion flow?

*Sir* Tr. *Thou art ugly and old,*
*And a villainous Scold.*

Grid. *Thou art a Ruſtick to call me ſo.*
*I'm not ugly nor old,*
*Nor a villainous Scold,*

*But*

*But thou art a Ruſtick to call me ſo.*
*Thou, Traitor, adieu!*
*Sir* Tr. *Farewel, thou Shrew!*
Grid. *Thou Traitor,*
*Sir* Tr. *Thou Shrew,*
Both. *Adieu! adieu!* [Exit *Grid.*

Sir *Truſty* ſolus.

How hard is our Fate
Who ſerve in the State,
And ſhould lay out our Cares
On Publick Affairs;
When conjugal Toils,
And Family-Broils
Make all our great Labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the Lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Roſamond*'s Bow'r,
With the Clew in his Pow'r,
And is Courted by all,
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal Pimp to the mighty King *Harry*.

But see, the pensive Fair draws near:
I'll at a Distance stand and hear.

*Enter* Rosamond.

*Ros.* From Walk to Walk, from Shade to Shade,
From Stream to purling Stream convey'd,
Through all the Mazes of the Grove,
Through all the mingling Tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of Grief and full of Love.
Impatient for my Lord's Return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
*Was ever Passion cross'd like mine?*
*To rend my Breast,*
*And break my Rest,*
*A thousand thousand Ills combine.*
*Absence wounds me,*
*Fear surrounds me,*
*Guilt confounds me,*
*Was ever Passion cross'd like mine?*

Sir *Tr.*

Sir *Tr.* What Heart of Stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in Dumps ſo doleful join! [*Apart.*
*Roſ.* How does my conſtant Grief deface
The Pleaſures of this happy Place!
In vain the Spring my Senſes greets
In all her Colours, all her Sweets;
To me the Roſe
No longer glows,
Every Plant
Has loſt its Scent:
The vernal Blooms of various Hue,
The Bloſſoms freſh with Morning Dew,
The Breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant Bow'rs,
Fill'd with the Breath of Op'ning Flow'rs,
Purple Scenes,
Winding Greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Store)
Charm my tortur'd Soul no more.
*Ye Pow'rs I rave, I faint, I die;*
*Why ſo ſlow! great* Henry, *why!*

*Tr.*

*From*

*From Death and Alarms*
*Fly, fly to my Arms,*
*Fly to my Arms, my Monarch, fly!*
Sir *Tr.* How much more bleſs'd would Lovers be,
Did all the whining Fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*

*Roſ.* O *Roſamond*, behold too late
And tremble at thy future Fate!
Curſe this unhappy, guilty Face,
Every Charm, and every Grace,
That to thy Ruin made their way,
And led thine Innocence aſtray:
At home thou ſeeſt thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy abſent Lord engaged
In Wars, that may our Loves disjoin,
And end at once his Life and mine.

Sir *Tr.* Such cold Complaints befit a Nun:
If ſhe turns honeſt I'm undone! [*Apart.*

Roſ. *Beneath ſome hoary Mountain*
*I'll lay me down and Weep,*
*Or near ſome warbling Fountain*
*Bewail my ſelf aſleep;*

*Where*

*Where feather'd Quires combining*
*With gentle murm'ring Streams,*
*And Winds in Conſort joining,*
*Raiſe ſadly-pleaſing Dreams.* [Ex. *Roſ.*

*Sir* Truſty *ſolus.*

What ſavage Tiger would not pity
A Damſel ſo diſtreſs'd and pretty!
But hah! a Sound my Bow'r invades,
[*Trumpets flouriſh.*
And echo's through the winding Shades;
'Tis *Henry*'s March! the Tune I know:
A Meſſenger! It muſt be ſo.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* Great *Henry* comes! with Love oppreſt;
Prepare to lodge the Royal Gueſt.
From purple Fields with Slaughter ſpread,
From Rivers choak'd with Heaps of Dead,
From glorious and immortal Toils,
Loaden with Honour, rich with Spoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy Bow'r
To lodge the mighty Conquerour.

Sir

Sir *Tr.* The Bow'r and Lady both are dreſt,
And ready to receive their Gueſt.
*Meſſ.* Hither the Victor flies (his Queen
And Royal Progeny unſeen)
Soon as the *Britiſh* Shores he reached,
Hither his foaming Courſer ſtretched:
And ſee! his eager Steps prevent
The Meſſage that himſelf hath ſent!
Sir *Tr.* Here will I ſtand
With Hat in Hand
Obſequiouſly to meet him,
And muſt endeavour
At Behaviour
That's ſuitable to greet him.

*Enter King* Henry *after a flouriſh of Trumpets.*

*King.* Where is my Love! my *Roſamond!*
Sir *Tr.* Firſt, as in ſtricteſt Duty bound,
I kiſs your Royal Hand,
*King.* Where is my Life! my *Roſamond!*
Sir *Tr.* Next with Submiſſion moſt profound,
I welcome you to Land.

*King.*

*King*. Where is the Tender, Charming Fair!

Sir *Tr*. Let me appear, Great Sir, I pray
Methodical in what I say.

*King*. Where is my Love, O tell me where!

Sir *Tr*. For when we have a Prince's Ear,
We should have Wit
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.

*King*. These dull Delays I cannot bear,
Where is my Love, O tell me where!

Sir *Tr*. I speak, Great Sir, with weeping Eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.

*King*. What dost thou say? I shake with fear?

Sir *Tr*. Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

King. *Was ever Nymph like* Rosamond,
*So fair, so faithful, and so fond,*
*Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace!*

*I'm*

*I'm all Desire!*
*My Heart's on Fire,*
*And leaps and springs to her Embrace.*

Sir *Tr.* At the Sight of her Lover
She'll quickly recover.
What Place will you chuse
For first Interviews?

*King.* Full in the Center of the Grove,
In yon Pavilion made for Love,
Where Woodbines, Roses, Jessamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling Sweets have wove
The particolour'd, gay Alcove.

Sir *Tr.* Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient Gloom;
There's not a Spot in all the Park
Has Trees so thick, and Shades so dark.

*King.* Mean while with due Attention wait
To guard the Bow'r, and watch the Gate;
Let neither Envy, Grief, nor Fear,
Nor Love-sick Jealousie appear,
Nor senseless Pomp, nor Noise intrude
On this Delicious Solitude;

But

But Pleasure reign through all the Grove,
And all be Peace, and all be Love.
*O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish*
*When we Love, and when we Languish!*
*Wishes rising!*
*Thought surprizing*
*Pleasure courting!*
*Charms transporting!*
*Fancy viewing*
*Joys ensuing!*
*O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish!* [Exeunt.

**End of the First ACT.**

**ACT**

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Pavilion in the Middle of the Bower.*

King *and* Roſamond.

KING.

THUS let my weary Soul forget
Reſtleſs Glory, Martial Strife,
Anxious Pleaſures of the Great,
And gilded Cares of Life.

*Roſ.* Thus let me loſe, in riſing Joys,
Fierce Impatience, fond Deſires,
Abſence that flatt'ring Hope deſtroys,
And Life-conſuming Fires.

*King.* Not the loud *Britiſh* Shout that warms
The Warrior's Heart, nor claſhing Arms,
Nor Fields with hoſtile Banners ſtrow'd,
Nor Life on proſtrate *Gauls* beſtow'd,

Give

Give half the Joys that fill my Breaſt,
While with my *Roſamond* I'm bleſt.

*Roſ.* My *Henry* is my Soul's Delight,
My Wiſh by Day, my Dream by Night.
'Tis not in Language to impart
The ſecret Meltings of my Heart,
While I my Conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very Soul away.

*King.* O may the preſent Bliſs endure,
From Fortune, Time, and Death ſecure!

Both. *O may the preſent Bliſs endure!*

*King.* My Eye cou'd ever gaze, my Ear
Thoſe gentle Sounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with Noon-day Heats oppreſt,
My aking Temples call for Reſt!
In yon cool Grotto's artful Night
Refreſhing Slumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent Fair,
With all the Love a Heart can bear.

[*Exit* King.

Roſamond *ſola.*

From whence this ſad, preſaging Fear,
This ſudden Sigh, this falling Tear?

Oft in my ſilent Dreams by Night
With ſuch a Look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by Angels to the Sky,
And loſt in endleſs Tracks of Light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and diſmal Deſarts born,
Through lonely Wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable Way.

*They're Fantoms all; I'll think no more:*
*My Life has endleſs Joys in ſtore.*
*Farewel Sorrow, farewel Fear,*
*They're Fantoms all! my* Henry's *here.*

SCENE *A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.*

Grideline *and* Page.

*Grid.* My Stomach ſwells with ſecret Spight,
To ſee my fickle, faithleſs Knight,
With upright Geſture, goodly Mien,
Face of Olive, Coat of Green,

That

That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own Worth to know,
On a meer Girl his Thoughts to place,
With dimpled Cheeks, and baby Face,
A Child! a Chit! that was not born,
When I did Town and Court adorn.

*Page.* Can any Man prefer Fifteen
To Venerable *Grideline?*

*Grid.* He does, my Child; or tell me why
With weeping Eyes so oft I spy
His Whiskers curl'd, and Shoo-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his Side,
In Shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With Band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

*Page.* If *Rosamond* his Garb has view'd,
The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd.

*Grid.* My anxious boding Heart divines
His Falshood by a thousand Signs:
Oft o'er the lonely Rocks he walks,
And to the fooliſh Echo talks;
Oft in the Glass he rolls his Eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie Heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Rosamond*, and smiles,

*Page.* Well may you feel these soft Alarms,
She has a Heart ———

*Grid.* —— And he has Charms.

*Page.* Your Fears are too just ———

*Grid.* —— Too plainly I've prov'd

Both. *He loves and is lov'd.*

Grid. *O Mercileſs Fate!*

Page. *Deplorable State!*

Grid. *To die* ——

Page. —— *To be ſlain*

Grid. *By a Barbarous Swain,*

Both. *That Laughs at your Pain.*

*Grid.* How ſhou'd I act? Canſt thou adviſe?

*Page.* Open the Gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected Hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the Bow'r,
Perhaps their looſe Amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Truſty* Innocent.

*Grid.* Thou art in Truth
A forward Youth,
Of Wit and Parts above thy Age;
Thou know'ſt our Sex. Thou art a Page.

*Page.* I'll do what I can
To ſurprize the falſe Man.

*Grid.*

*Grid.* Of ſuch a faithful Spy I've need: *
Go in, and if thy Plot ſucceed
Fair Youth thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy Service with a Kiſs. [*Exit Page.*

*Grideline* ſola.

*Prithee* Cupid *no more*
*Hurl thy Darts at Threeſcore,*
*To thy Girls and thy Boys*
*Give thy Pains and thy Joys,*
*Let Sir* Truſty *and me*
*From thy Frolicks be free.* [Ex. *Grid.*

*Re-enter* Page, *ſolus.*

O the ſoft delicious View,
Ever Charming, ever New!
Greens of various Shades ariſe,
Deck'd with Flow'rs of various Dies:
Paths by meeting Paths are croſt,
Alleys in winding Alleys loſt;
Fountains playing through the Trees,
Give Coolneſs to the paſſing Breeze.



* *An opening Scene diſcovers another View of the Bower.*

*A thousand fairy Scenes appear,*
*Here a Grove, a Grotto here,*
*Here a Rock, and here a Stream,*
*Sweet Delusion,*
*Gay Confusion,*
*All a Vision, all a Dream!*

*Enter* Queen.

*Queen.* At length the bow'ry Vaults appear!
My Bosom heaves, and pants with Fear:
A thousand Checks my Heart controul,
A thousand Terrours shake my Soul.

*Page.* Behold the brazen Gate unbarr'd!
—— She's fixt in Thought, I am not heard——
[*Apart.*

*Queen.* I see, I see my Hands embru'd
In purple Streams of reeking Blood:
I see the Victim gasp for Breath,
And start in Agonies of Death:
I see my raging, dying Lord,
And O, I see my self abhor'd!

*Page.* My Eyes o'erflow, my Heart is rent
To hear *Britannia*'s Queen lament. [*Aside.*

*Queen.*

*Queen.* What ſhall my trembling Soul purſue?

*Page.* Behold, Great Queen, the Place in View!

*Queen.* Ye Pow'rs inſtruct me what to do!

*Page.* That Bow'r will ſhow
The guilty Foe.

*Queen.* —It is decreed— it ſhall be ſo;
[*After a Pauſe.*

*I cannot ſee my Lord repine*
*(Oh that I cou'd call him mine!)*
*Why have not they moſt Charms to move,*
*Whoſe Boſoms burn with pureſt Love!*

*Page.* Her Heart with Rage and Fondneſs glows.
O Jealouſie! thou Hell of Woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious Scene of Love contains
The fatal Cauſe of all your Pains:
In yonder flow'ry Vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair-bloſſom'd Arbours riſe.

*Queen.* Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her Guilt and her Joy.

*Wild and frantick is my Grief!*
*Fury driving,*
*Mercy ſtriving,*
*Heav'n in Pity ſend Relief!*
*The Pangs of Love*
*Ye Pow'rs remove,*
*Or dart your Thunder at my Head:*
*Love and Deſpair*
*What Heart can bear?*
*Eaſe my Soul, or ſtrike me Dead!* [Exeunt.

## SCENE *changes to the Pavilion as before.*

*Roſamond* ſola.

*Tranſporting Pleaſure! who can tell it!*
*When our longing Eyes diſcover*
*The kind, the dear, approaching Lover,*
*Who can utter, or conceal it!*

A ſudden Motion ſhakes the Grove:
I hear the Steps of him I Love;

Pre-

Prepare, my Soul, to meet thy Bliſs!
---Death to my Eyes! what Sight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I ſee!
——Open, O Earth! and ſwallow me!

*Enter the Queen with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

*Queen.* Thus arm'd with double Death I come:
Behold, vain Wretch, behold thy Doom!
Thy Crimes to their full Period tend,
And ſoon by This, or This, ſhall end.

*Roſ.* What ſhall I ſay, or how reply
To Threats of injur'd Majeſty?

*Queen.* 'Tis Guilt that does thy Tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right Hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy Heart.

*Roſ.* Can *Britain*'s Queen give ſuch Commands,
Or dip in Blood thoſe ſacred Hands?
In Her ſhall ſuch Revenge be ſeen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s Queen!

*Queen.*

*Queen.* How black does my Deſign appear?
Was ever Mercy ſo ſevere! [*Aſide.*

Roſ. *When Tides of youthful Blood run high,*
*And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh,*
*Health preſuming,*
*Beauty blooming,*
*Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!*

*Queen.* To thoſe whom foul Diſhonours ſtain,
Life it ſelf ſhould be a Pain.

*Roſ.* Who could reſiſt great *Henry*'s Charms,
And drive the Heroe from her Arms?

*Think on the ſoft, the tender Fires,*
*Melting Thoughts and gay Deſires,*
*That in your own warm Boſom riſe,*
*When languiſhing with Love-ſick Eyes*
*That great, that charming Man you ſee:*
*Think on your ſelf, and pity me!*

*Queen.* And doſt thou thus thy Guilt deplore! [*Offering the Dagger to her Breaſt.*
Preſumptuous Woman! plead no more!

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* O Queen, your lifted Arm reſtrain!
Behold theſe Tears!

*Queen.* ——— They flow in vain.

*Roſ.* Look with Compaſſion on my Fate!
O hear my Sighs! ——

*Queen.* ——— They riſe too late:
Hope not a Day's, an Hour's Reprieve.

*Roſ.* Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In ſome deep Dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human Eye,
Baniſh'd the Day, debarr'd the Light;
Where Shades of everlaſting Night
May this unhappy Face diſarm,
And caſt a Veil o'er ev'ry Charm:
Offended Heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor *Henry* more.

Queen. *Moving Language, ſhining Tears,*
*Glowing Guilt, and graceful Fears,*
*Kindling Pity, kindling Rage,*
*At once provoke me, and aſſwage.* [*Aſide.*

*Roſ.* What ſhall I do to pacifie
Your kindled Vengeance?

*Queen.* ——— Thou ſhalt die.

[*Offering the Dagger.*

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* Give me but one ſhort Moment's ſtay.
——O *Henry*, why ſo far away? [*Aſide.*

*Queen.* Prepare to welter in a Flood
Of ſtreaming Gore. [*Offering the Dagger.*

*Roſ.*——O ſpare my Blood,
And let me graſp the deadly Bowl.
[*Takes the Bowl in her Hand.*

*Queen.* Ye Pow'rs how Pity rends my Soul! [*Aſide.*

*Roſ.* Thus proſtrate at your Feet I fall.
O let me ſtill for Mercy call!
[*Falling on her Knees.*
*Accept, Great Queen, like injur'd Heav'n,*
*The Soul that begs to be Forgiv'n:*
*If in the lateſt Gaſp of Breath,*
*If in the dreadful Pains of Death,*
*When the cold Damp bedews your Brow,*
*You hope for Mercy, ſhow it now.*

*Queen.* Mercy to lighter Crimes is due,
Horrors and Death ſhall thine purſue.
[*Offering the Dagger.*

*Roſ.* Thus I prevent the fatal Blow. [*Drinks.*
——Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go!

*Queen.*

*Queen.* Where thy paſt Life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou hadſt been Innocent.

*Roſ.* Tyrant! to aggravate the Stroke,
And wound a Heart, already broke!
My dying Soul with Fury burns,
And ſlighted Grief to Madneſs turns,
*Think not, thou Author of my Woe,*
*That* Roſamond *will leave thee ſo:*
*At dead of Night,*
*A glaring Spright,*
*With hideous Screams*
*I'll haunt thy Dreams,*
*And when the painful Night withdraws,*
*My* Henry *ſhall revenge my Cauſe.*
O whither does my Frenzy drive!
Forgive my Rage, your Wrongs forgive.
My Veins are froze, my Blood grows chill,
The weary Springs of Life ſtand ſtill,
The Sleep of Death benumbs all o'er
My fainting Limbs, and I'm no more.
[*Falls on the Couch.*

*Queen.* Hear, and obſerve your Queen's Commands! [*To her Attendants.*
Beneath thoſe Hills a Convent ſtands,

Where the fam'd Streams of *Iſis* ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs Coarſe convey,
And bid the Cloiſter'd Maids with care
The due Solemnities prepare.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*

*When vanquiſh'd Foes beneath us lye*
*How great it is to bid them die!*
*But how much greater to forgive,*
*And bid a vanquiſh'd Foe to live!*

*Enter Sir* Truſty *in a Fright.*

A breathleſs Corps! what have I ſeen!
And follow'd by the Jealous Queen!
It muſt be ſhe! my Fears are true:
The Bowl of pois'nous Juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Truſty* live
To hear his Maſter chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate ſuch bitter Beer,
Fair *Roſamond* I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The King this doleful News ſhall read
In Lines of my Inditing:
*Great Sir,* [*Writes.*
Your *Roſamond* is dead
As I am at this preſent Writing.

*The*

*The Bow'r turns round, my Brain's abus'd,*
*The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,*
*The Thickets Dance — I ſtretch, I yawn,*
*Death has tripp'd up my Heels — I'm gone.*

[Staggers and falls.

*Re-enter* Queen, *ſola.*

The Conflict of my Mind is o'er,
And *Roſamond* ſhall Charm no more.
Hence ye ſecret Damps of Care,
Fierce Diſdain, and cold Deſpair,
Hence ye Fears and Doubts remove;
Hence Grief and Hate!
Ye Pains that wait
On Jealouſie, the Rage of Love.

*My Henry ſhall be mine Alone,*
*The Heroe ſhall be All my own;*
*Nobler Joys poſſeſs my Heart*
*Than Crowns and Scepters can impart.*

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Grotto*, Henry *aſleep*, *a Cloud deſcends, in it two Angels ſuppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the* Britiſh *Kings in War and in Peace.*

1 ANGEL.

BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our Tutelary Care!
2 *Ang.* In Fields of Death around his Head
A Shield of Adamant I ſpread.
1 *Ang.* In Hours of Peace unſeen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *Britiſh* Throne.
2 *Ang.* When Hoſts of Foes with Foes engage,
And round th' anointed Heroe rage,

The

The cleaving Fauchion I miſguide,
And turn the feather'd Shaft aſide.

1 *Ang.* When dark fermenting Factions ſwell,
And prompt th' Ambitious to rebel,
A thouſand Terrors I impart,
And damp the furious Traitor's Heart.

*Both.* But O what Influence can remove
The Pangs of Grief, and Rage of Love!

2 *Ang.* I'll fire his Soul with mighty Themes
'Till Love before Ambition fly.

1 *Ang.* I'll ſooth his Cares in pleaſing Dreams
'Till Grief in Joyful Raptures die.

2 Ang. *Whatever glorious and renown'd*
*In* Britiſh *Annals can be found;*
*Whatever Actions ſhall adorn*
Britannia's *Heroes, yet unborn,*
*In dreadful Viſions ſhall ſucceed;*
*On fancy'd Fields the* Gaul *ſhall bleed,*
Creſſy *ſhall ſtand before his Eyes,*
*And* Agincourt *and* Blenheim *riſe.*

1 *Ang.* See, ſee, he ſmiles amidſt his Trance,
And ſhakes a viſionary Lance,

His

His Brain is fill'd with loud Alarms,
Shouting Armies, clashing Arms,
The softer Prints of Love deface;
And Trumpets sound in ev'ry Trace.
Both. *Glory strives,*
*The Field is won,*
*Fame revives*
*And Love is gone.*
1 *Ang.* To calm thy Grief, and lull thy Cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving Years,
Thy Bow'r shall be!
When Time its Beauties shall deface,
And only with its Ruins grace,
The future Prospect of the Place.
Behold the glorious Pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, Arches bending,
Domes in awful Pomp arising,
Art in curious Strokes surprizing,
Foes in figur'd Fights contending,
Behold the glorious Pile ascending!
2 *Ang.* He sees, he sees the great Reward
For *Anna*'s mighty Chief prepar'd:

* *Scene changes to the Plan of* Blenheim *Castle.*

His growing Joys no Meaſure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for Sleep.

1 Ang. *Let Grief and Love at once engage,*
*His Heart is Proof to all their Pain;*
*Love may plead* ——

2 Ang. —— *And Grief may rage* ——

Both. *But both ſhall plead and rage in vain.*

[The Angels aſcend, and the Viſion [diſappears.

Henry *ſtarting from the Couch.*

Where have my raviſh'd Senſes been!
What Joys, what Wonders have I ſeen!
The Scene yet ſtands before my Eye,
A thouſand glorious Deeds that lye
In deep Futurity obſcure,
Fights and Triumphs Immature,
Heroes immers'd in Time's dark Womb,
Ripening for mighty Years to come,
Break forth, and to the Day diſplay'd,
My ſoft inglorious Hours upbraid.
Tranſported with ſo bright a Scheme,
My Waking Life appears a Dream.

*Adieu,*

*Adieu, ye wanton Shades and Bow'rs,*
*Wreaths of Myrtle, Beds of Flow'rs,*
*Roſie Brakes,*
*Silver Lakes,*
*To Love and you*
*A long Adieu!*

O *Roſamond!* O riſing Woe!
Why do my weeping Eyes o'erflow?
O *Roſamond!* O fair diſtreſs'd!
How ſhall my Heart, with Grief oppreſs'd,
Its unrelenting Purpoſe tell;
And take the long, the laſt Farewel!
*Riſe, Glory, riſe in all thy Charms,*
*Thy waving Creſt, and burniſh'd Arms,*
*Spread thy gilded Banners round,*
*Make thy thund'ring Courſer Bound,*
*Bid the Drum and Trumpet join,*
*Warm my Soul with Rage Divine;*
*All thy Pomps around thee call:*
*To Conquer Love will ask them all.* [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to that Part of the Bow'r where Sir* Truſty *lies upon the Ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the Table.*

*Enter* Queen.

Ev'ry Star, and ev'ry Pow'r,
Look down on this important Hour:
Lend your Protection and Defence
Ev'ry Guard of Innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to aſſwage,
To gain his Love, or bear his Rage.

*Myſterious Love, uncertain Treaſure,*
*Haſt thou more of Pain or Pleaſure!*
*Chill'd with Tears,*
*Kill'd with Fears,*
*Endleſs Torments dwell about thee:*
*Yet who would live, and live without thee!*

But oh the Sight my Soul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on Fire!
Why am I baniſh'd from his Arms?
My Heart's too full, I muſt retire.
[*Retires to the end of the Stage.*

*Enter* King.

Some dreadful Birth of Fate is near:
Or why, my Soul, unus'd to fear,
With ſecret Horror doſt thou ſhake?
Can Dreams ſuch dire Impreſſions make!
What means this ſolemn, ſilent Show?
This Pomp of Death, this Scene of Woe!
Support me, Heav'n! What's this I read?
O Horror! *Roſamond is dead.*
What ſhall I ſay, or whither turn?
With Grief, and Rage, and Love, I burn:
From Thought to Thought my Soul is toſt,
And in the Whirle of Paſſion loſt.
Why did I not in Battel fall,
Cruſh'd by the Thunder of the *Gaul*?
Why did the Spear my Boſom miſs?
Ye Pow'rs, was I reſerv'd for this!

*Diſtracted*

*Distracted with Woe*
*I'll rush on the Foe*
*To seek my Relief:*
*The Sword or the Dart*
*Shall pierce my sad Heart,*
*And finish my Grief!*

*Queen.* Fain wou'd my Tongue his Griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd Bosom Ease. [*Aside.*

*King.* But see! the Cause of all my Fears,
The Source of all my Grief appears!
No unexpected Guest is here;
The fatal Bowl
Inform'd my Soul
*Eleonora* was too near.

*Queen.* Why do I here my Lord receive?
*King.* Is this the Welcome that you give?
*Queen.* Thus shou'd divided Lovers meet?
*Both. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!*
*Queen.* What in these guilty Shades cou'd you,
Inglorious Conquerour, pursue?
*King.* Cruel Woman, what cou'd you?

*Queen.* Degen'rate Thoughts have fir'd
your Breaſt.
*King.* The Thirſt of Blood has yours
poſſeſs'd.
Queen. *A Heart ſo unrepenting,*
King. *A Rage ſo unrelenting,*
Both. *Will for ever*
*Love diſſever,*
*Will for ever break our Reſt.*
*King.* Floods of Sorrow will I ſhed
To mourn the Lovely Shade!
My *Roſamond,* alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
*So bright a Bloom, ſo ſoft an Air,*
*Did ever Nymph diſcloſe!*
*The Lilly was not half ſo fair,*
*Nor half ſo ſweet the Roſe.*
*Queen.* How is his Heart with Anguiſh
torn! [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I cannot ſee you Mourn,
The Living you lament: While I,
To be lamented ſo, cou'd Die.

*King.*

*King.* The Living! ſpeak, oh ſpeak again!
Why will you dally with my Pain?

*Queen.* Were your lov'd *Roſamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former Wrongs revive?

*King.* Oh no; by Viſions from above
Prepar'd for Grief, and free'd from Love,
I came to take my laſt Adieu,

*Queen.* How am I bleſs'd if this be true!--
[*Aſide.*

*King.* And leave th' unhappy Nymph for you.
But O! ——

*Queen.* Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Roſamond* does Live.

*If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,*
*How much more to give him Eaſe?*
*When his Paſſion we diſcover,*
*Oh how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!*
*The Bliſs returns, and we receive*
*Tranſports greater than we give.*

*King.* O quickly relate
This Riddle of Fate!

My Impatience forgive,
Does *Roſamond* live?

*Queen.* The Bowl, with drowſie Juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* Drugs diſtill'd,
In borrow'd Death has clos'd her Eyes:
But ſoon the waking Nymph ſhall riſe,
And, in a Convent plac'd, admire
The Cloiſter'd Walls, and Virgin Quire,
With them in Songs and Hymns divine
The beauteous Penitent ſhall join,
And bid the guilty World Adieu,

*King.* How am I bleſt if this be true!---
[*Aſide.*

*Queen.* Atoning for her ſelf and you.

*King.* I ask no more! Secure the Fair
In Life and Bliſs: I ask not where:
For ever from my Fancy fled
May the whole World believe her dead,
That no foul Miniſter of Vice
Again my ſinking Soul intice
Its broken Paſſion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* How does my Heart for ſuch a Prize
The vain cenſorious World deſpiſe!
Tho' diſtant Ages, yet unborn,
For *Roſamond* ſhall falſly mourn;
And with the preſent Times agree,
To brand my Name with Cruelty;
How does my Heart for ſuch a Prize
The vain cenſorious World deſpiſe!
But ſee your Slave, while yet I ſpeak,
From his dull Trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion ſhall ſurvive
Believe your *Roſamond* alive.

*King.* O happy Day! O pleaſing View!
My Queen forgives———

*Queen.*———My Lord is true.

King. *No more I'll change,*

Queen. *No more I'll grieve:*

Both. *But ever thus united live.*

*Sir* Truſty *awaking.*

In which World am I! all I ſee,
Ev'ry Thicket, Buſh and Tree,

So like the Place from whence I came,
That one wou'd ſwear it were the ſame.
My former Legs too, by their Pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my Face!
The ſelf-ſame Habit, Garb and Mien!
They ne'er wou'd bury me in Green.

*Enter* Grideline.

*Grid.* Have I then liv'd to ſee this Hour,
And took thee in the very Bow'r?

Sir *Tr.* Widow *Truſty*, why ſo fine?
Why doſt thou thus in Colours ſhine?
Thou ſhou'dſt thy Husband's Death bewail
In ſable Veſture, Peak and Veil.

*Grid.* Forbear theſe fooliſh Freaks, and ſee
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why ſhou'd not we their Steps purſue,
And do as our Superiors do?

Sir *Tr.* Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I ſee,
But this I'm ſure, howe'er it be,

It ſuits a Perſon in my Station
T' obſerve the Mode and be in Faſhion.
Then let not *Grideline* the Chaſte
Offended be for what is paſt,
And hence anew my Vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous Knight.

*Grid.* I'll too my plighted Vows renew,
Since 'tis ſo courtly to be true.

*Since conjugal Paſſion*
*Is come into Faſhion,*
*And Marriage ſo bleſt on the Throne is,*
*Like a* Venus *I'll ſhine,*
*Be fond and be fine,*
*And Sir* Truſty *ſhall be my* Adonis.
*Sir* Tr. *And Sir* Truſty *ſhall be thy* Adonis.

*The* King *and* Queen *advancing.*

*King.* Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,
That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?
*Hymen,* thou Source of chaſte Delights,
Chearful Days, and bliſsful Nights,

Thou

Thou doſt untainted Joys diſpence,
And Pleaſure join with Innocence,
Thy Raptures laſt, and are ſincere
From future Grief and preſent Fear.

Both. *Who to forbidden Joys wou'd rove,*
*That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?*

*FINIS.*

# *BOOKS Printed for* Jacob Tonſon, *at* Shakeſpear's Head *over-againſt* Catherine-Street *in the* Strand.

## *FOLIO's.*

MR. *Dryden*'s Comedies, Tragedies and Opera's in two Vol.

——— Fables ancient and modern, tranſlated into Verſe from *Homer*, *Ovid*, *Boccace* and *Chaucer*; with Original Poems.

——— Tranſlation of *Virgil*.

Mr. *Echard*'s Hiſtory of *England*, from the firſt Entrance of *Julius Cæſar* and the *Romans*, to the End of the Reign of King *James* the Firſt; containing the Space of 1678 Years; with a compleat Index.

The Works of our ancient, learned and excellent *Engliſh* Poet *Jeffery Chaucer*, as they have been compar'd with the beſt Manuſcripts; and ſeveral Things added, never before in Print. To which is adjoin'd, the Story of the Siege of *Thebes*, by *John Lidgate*, Monk of *Bury*.

An Hiſtorical and Critical Dictionary by Monſieur *Bayle*, tranſlated into *Engliſh* with many Additions and Corrections, made by the Author himſelf, that are not in the *French* Editions; in four Vol.

The Royal Commentaries of *Peru*, in two Patts; illuſtrated with Sculptures; written Originally in *Spaniſh*, by the *Inca Garcilaſſo de la Vega*, and rendred into *Engliſh* by Sir *Paul Ryeaut*, Kt.

The whole Works of Biſhop *Tillotſon*, containing thoſe printed in his Life time, and all his Poſthumous ſince publiſh'd by Dr. *Barker*, in three Vol.

C. Julii Cæſaris quæ extant. Accuratiſſime cum Libris Editis & MSS optimis collata, recognita & correcta acceſſerunt Annotationes Samuelis Clarke. S. T. P. Item Indices Locorum, Rerumque & Verborum Utiliſſimæ. Tabulis Æneis Ornata.

Opera

Opera & Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum Latinorum Profanarum & Eccleſiaſticorum Duobus Voluminibus comprehenſa.

## *QUARTO's.*

*Oeuvres Meſlées de Monſieur de Saint-Evremond, publiées ſur les Manuſcrits de l' Auteur. 3 Tome.*

*Horatius.*

*Virgilius.*

*Terentius.*

*Catullus, Tibullus & Propertius.*

*Lucretius.*

## *OCTAVO's.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpear*, in Six Vol. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by *N. Rowe*, Eſq;

The Works of Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, and Mr. *John Fletcher*, in Seven Vol. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected, with ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors.

The Works of Mr. *William Congreve*, in Three Vol. containing his Plays and Poems, ſome of which were never before publiſh'd.

The Works of Sir *George Etherege*, containing his Plays and Poems.

The Works of Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, in Two Vol. conſiſting of thoſe which were formerly printed, and thoſe which he deſign'd for the Preſs, publiſh'd out of the Author's Original Copies; with the Cutter of *Coleman-ſtreet*. The Eleventh Edition, adorn'd with Cuts.

Miſcellany Poems, in Six Vol. containing Variety of new Tranſlations of the ancient Poets; together with ſeveral Original Poems; By the moſt Eminent Hands.

Poems and Tranſlations; with the *Sophy*, a Tragedy. Written by the Honourable Sir *John Denham*, Kt. of the *Bath*; the Fifth Edition.

The Works of Sir *John Suckling*; containing his Poems, Letters and Plays.

*Ovid*'s Epiſtles, tranſlated by ſeveral Hands. The Eighth Edition; with a new Tranſlation of three Epiſtles, and ſeveral Cuts never before publiſh'd.

*Ovid*'s

*Ovid*'s Art of Love in three Books, together with his Remedy of Love; translated into *English* Verse by several Hands: To which is added the Court of Love, a Tale from *Chaucer*, and the History of Love; adorn'd with Cuts.

The Satires of *Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, and of *Aulus Persius Flaccus*; translated into *English* Verse by Mr. *Dryden*, and several other eminent Hands; to which is prefix'd a Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satyr. The Fourth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures.

Poems, *&c.* written upon several Occasions, and to several Persons, by *Edmund Waller*, Esq; The Eighth Edition, with Additions; to which is prefix'd the Author's Life.

The Poetical Works of Mr. *John Milton*, containing Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd, *Sampson Agonistes*, and his Poems on several Occasions, in two Vol.

Poems by the most deservedly admir'd Mrs. *Katherine Philips*, the matchless *Orinda*; to which is added Mr. *Corneille*'s Tragedies of *Pompey* and *Horace*, with several other Translations out of *French*.

Poems on several Occasions; with *Valentinian*, a Tragedy. Written by the Right Honourable *John* late Earl of *Rochester*.

Poems on several Occasions, by Mr. *Prior*.

Creation, a Philosophical Poem in seven Books; by Sir *Richard Blackmore*.

The Retired Gard'ner, in two Vol. By *George London* and *Henry Wise*.

*Plutarch*'s Lives, translated from the *Greek* by several Hands, in 5 Vol. to which is prefix'd the Life of *Plutarch*.

*Seneca*'s Morals by way of Abstract; to which is added, a Discourse under the Title of an After-Thought, by Sir *Roger L' Estrange*.

*Tully*'s Offices in three Books, turn'd out of *Latin* into *English*, by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.

Table-Talk; being the Discourses of *John Selden*, Esq; or his Sense of various Matters of Weight and high Consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.

Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of Original Poems and Translations. By the best Hands. Published by Mr. *Steele*.

Mr. *Echard*'s Ecclesiastical History, in two Vol.

Poems and Translations by the Right Honourable *George Granville* Lord *Lansdown*: With the *British* Inchanters, an Opera.

*Books*

## *Books Printed for* J. Tonſon.

### *Books lately printed in a neat Pocket Volume with an* Elziver *Letter.*

Spectators. Seven Vol.
Guardians. Two Vol.
*Otway*'s Plays. Two Vol.
*Southern*'s Plays. Two Vol.
*Steele*'s Plays.
——— Chriſtian Hero.
Devil on two Sticks.
*Waller*'s Poems.
*Prior*'s Poems.
*Milton*'s Paradiſe Loſt.
——— Regained.
*Dryden*'s Juvenal.
Diſtreſt Mother.
Careleſs Husband.
Mr. *Addiſon*'s Campaign and *Roſamond.*
——— *Cato.*
Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s Prince *Arthur.*

*L. Laguerre inv.* *Lud Du Guernier Sculp.*

# THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM,

To His GRACE the

## DUKE of *Marlborough.*

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

*-------Rheni pacator & Istri.*
*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit*
*Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,*
*Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

*Esse aliquam in terris Gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periclo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, & ubique jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.*

Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

The FIFTH EDITION.

*LONDON* Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand.* MDCC XIII.

# THE

# CAMPANIAD,

A

# POEM.

To the GRACE of

By Mr. ADDISON.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON, Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over-against Catharine-street in the Strand. MDCCXII.

# THE
# *CAMPAIGN*,
## A
# POEM.

WHILE Crouds of Princes Your Deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cauſe,
And *ANNA*'s Praiſes crown the vaſt Applauſe;
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious Verſe attempts your Fights,
Fir'd and tranſported with a Theme ſo new:
Ten Thouſand Wonders op'ning to my View

Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conqueſts fill th' Important Year,
Rivers of Blood I ſee, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad riſing out of One Campaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
*Pirene*'s lofty Barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the mid'ſt of his wide Empire ſtood;
*Auſonia*'s States, the Victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of Rocks immur'd,
Behind their Everlaſting Hills ſecur'd;
The riſing *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Courſe through the new Conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
*Germania* trembled through a hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeis'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no Succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Deſpair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To BRITAIN's QUEEN the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Reſolves the Weſtern World relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire Alarms,
In *ANNA*'s Councils, and in CHURCHILL's Arms:
Thrice Happy BRITAIN, from the Kingdoms rent,
To ſit the Guardian of the Continent!

That

That ſees her Braveſt Son advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's ſport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;
On the firm Baſis of Deſert they riſe,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendſhip's Holy Ties:
Their Sov'raign's well-diſtinguiſh'd Smiles they ſhare,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War;
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Bleſſings Heav'n approves their Choice;
Envy it ſelf is dumb, in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.

Soon as ſoft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,
*Britannia*'s Colours in the Zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Croſſing the Provinces Himſelf had won,
'Till the *Moſelle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the Progreſs of the Moving War:
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her Fall
In diſtant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a Purchaſe to the Sword ſhe lyes,
Her Harveſts for uncertain Owners riſe,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Maſter grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:
The diſcontented Shades of ſlaughter'd Hoſts,
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghoſts
Hoped, when they ſaw *Britannia*'s Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he paſt,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours caſt,
Forming the Wond'rous Year within his Thought;
His Boſom glow'd with Battels yet unfought:
The long laborious March he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,
Between whoſe Floods ſuch pathleſs Foreſts grow,
Such Mountains riſe, ſo many Rivers flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroe's Eyes,
And Danger ſerves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful Courſe, and the proud Foe purſues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
The ſultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive Shadows, and refreſhing Winds:
Our *Britiſh* Youth, with in born Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their QUEEN, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the riſing Sun they take their Way
Through Clouds of Duſt, and gain upon the Day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coaſt
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Hoſt,

That

That chearfully its Labours paſt forgets,
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er proſtrate Towns and Palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs)
Breathing Revenge; whilſt Anger and Diſdain
Fire ev'ry Breaſt, and boil in ev'ry Vein:
Here ſhatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,
Whilſt here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England*'s Heroe drew
*Eugenio* to the glorious Interview;
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſudden Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.
Poliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council ſkill'd,
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd,
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battel ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human kind.

*Britannia*'s graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harras'd Troops the Heroe's Preſence warms,
Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* Shouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they March with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are paſt,
Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like Hills th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs Ten Thouſand Thunders ſleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His March o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.

The Weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Remains of Day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what Hoſts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning cloſe!

Thick-

Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their Way;
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battel waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,
'Till ſlaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hoſts engage;
The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage
With Show'rs of Bullets and with ſtorms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th' Illuſtrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To March where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat
Only Deſtructive to the Brave and Great!)
After ſuch Toils o'ercome, ſuch Dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:
While MARLBRO' lives *Britannia*'s Stars diſpenſe
A friendly Light, and ſhine in Innocence.

Plunging

Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where-e'er his Friends retire, or Foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt Terrors of the War,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,
*Britannia*'s Safety, and the World's Repoſe;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf; thy QUEEN demands
Conqueſt and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Deſtiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their Camp with *Britiſh* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with ſwelling Tides,
But if the ruſhing Wave a Paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving Foes diſperſt in Flight,
(Refuſe of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)

In ev'ry ruſhing Wind the Victor hear,
And MARLBRO's Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Diſgrace.

To *Downawert*, with unreſiſted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Courſe;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great Increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, deſtructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls,
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' Aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* Arms;
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety ſhall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,
While to exalt thy Doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Deſtruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Un-

Unbounded Courage and Compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing Wrath, and gives a Looſe to War.
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,
A Thouſand Villages to Aſhes turns,
In crackling Flames a Thouſand Harveſts burns;
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants ſound in every Brake:
The liſt'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow ſtands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's juſt Commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt Commands ſo well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far,
In ſhriller Clangors animates the War,
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Conſort Beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
*Gallia*'s proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;
The daring Prince his blaſted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Hoſt he views

Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Courſe began,
That the griev'd World had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Pray'rs in Bitterneſs of Soul preferr'd,
*Europe*'s loud Cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And *ANNA*'s Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array
The long Extended Squadrons ſhape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the Braveſt Hearts,
Yet do their beating Breaſts demand the Strife,
And Thirſt of Glory quells the Love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *Britiſh* Minds controul,
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Poſt,
Leſſen his Numbers, and Contract his Hoſt:
Tho' Fens and Floods poſſeſt the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs,
Nor Fens nor Floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders ſtands.

But

But O, my Muſe, what Numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious Troops in Battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts and Dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burſt of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battel riſe.
'Twas then great MARLBRO's mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of Charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly he Marches on, and void of Fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear;
Vain Inſolence! with Native Freedom brave
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave,

Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A Thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undiſtinguiſh'd dye.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!
How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War, and lye unſung!
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, ſmiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
Compel'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they ſhun,
Thouſands of fiery Steeds with Wounds tranſfix'd
Floating in Gore, with their dead Maſters mixt,
Midſt Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the diſtant *Svan*,
Or ſounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhine*,
Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the Rolling Billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;

His waving Banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood.
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And riſe Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remoteſt Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears reſigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mixt Tumult in thy Boſom ſwell'd!
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy Braveſt Troops repell'd,
Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gaſping on the Ground,
Thy ſelf in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Diſtreſt! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War;
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor bluſh to own,
The fatal Field by ſuch great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquiſht fell
The Marſhes ſtagnate, and the Rivers ſwell.
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midſt the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;

Whole

Whole Captive Hoſts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor ſeek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
MARLBRO's Great Work, and finiſh the Defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Ausburg*'s Walls,
The diſtant Battle drives th' inſulting *Gauls*,
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name
The reſcu'd States his great Protection claim;
Whilſt *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious Gates.

The Hero's Breaſt ſtill ſwells with great Deſigns,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius ſhines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an Army ſtorm'd;
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What diſtant Land, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the ſwoln *Rhine* ruſhing with all its Force
Divides the Hoſtile Nations in its Courſe,

While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the River flows,
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands;
Twice, ſince the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its Courſe begun,
Carries his Arms ſtill nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious Action, He forgets
The Change of Seaſons, and Increaſe of Heats:
No Toils are painful that can Danger ſhow,
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land,
But ſoon as the Victorious Hoſt he ſpies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:
Such dire Impreſſions in his Heart remain
Of MARLBRO's Sword, and HOCKSTET's fatal Plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty Chief beſets
Their ſhady Coverts, and obſcure Retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

*Auſtria*'s Young Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway
Sceptres and Thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted Anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
What Tides of Glory to his Boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleaſing Wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch Fire with ſo much Sweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſie Greatneſs, ſuch a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the Camp or Court!

*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond Place;
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely fluſht with an Immortal Bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath beſtow'd)
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by MARLBRO's Preſence charm'd,
Taught by his Counſels, by his Actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled Fury falls,
Diſcharges all his Thunder on its Walls,
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's ſight.

The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conqueſts crown'd,

To *Belgian* Coaſts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* purſues,
Clearing its Borders from Uſurping Foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd Nations as he goes.
*Treves* fears no more, free'd from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations ſhake,
While MARLBRO preſſes to the bold Attack,
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon Roar,
And ſhows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining Years,
Forgets his Thirſt of Univerſal Sway,
And ſcarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race deſtroy'd,
The Work of Ages ſunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions ſacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA*'s Royal Cares:
By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s States are free,
And taſte the Sweets of *Engliſh* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of thoſe that lye
Beneath the conſtant Influence of Her Eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive Show'rs Her Bounties fall
Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and deſcend on All,

Secure the Happy, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Bleſt.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth Records of a Faithful Verſe;
That, if ſuch Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Poſterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the Truth with ſpurious Rays,
And round the Hero caſt a borrow'd Blaze.
MARLBRO's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own Native Light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuin Charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who Paint 'em trueſt Praiſe 'em moſt.

*FINIS.*